

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

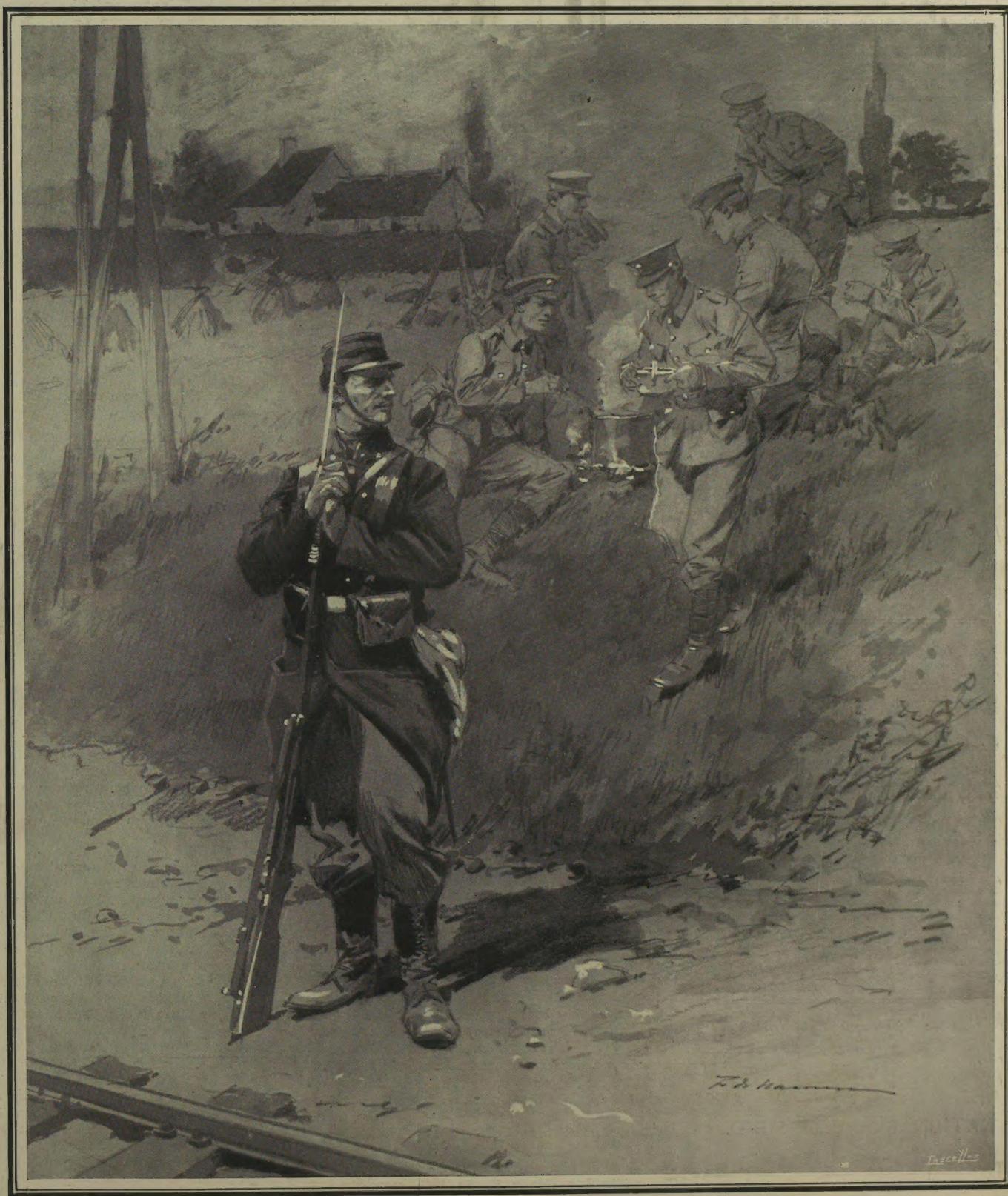
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SIXPENCE.

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"HAVE A GO AT OURS, FRENCHIE!": THE ENTENTE CORDIALE BETWEEN BRITISH AND FRENCH TROOPS  
WITNESSED BY ONE OF OUR ARTISTS SOME DISTANCE OUTSIDE BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

Our artist, Mr. Frédéric de Haenen, who has just reached England through France, notes of this incident: "The railway lines were guarded by French soldiers, and at various places one could see, also by the line, detachments of British soldiers awaiting entrainment and fraternising with their allies." It was officially announced on the

night of August 17: "The Expeditionary Force as detailed for Foreign Service has safely landed on French soil." Thus there was revealed to the British public what a good many of them was a *secret de Polichinelle*, a secret many over here did not reveal.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN.

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THE  
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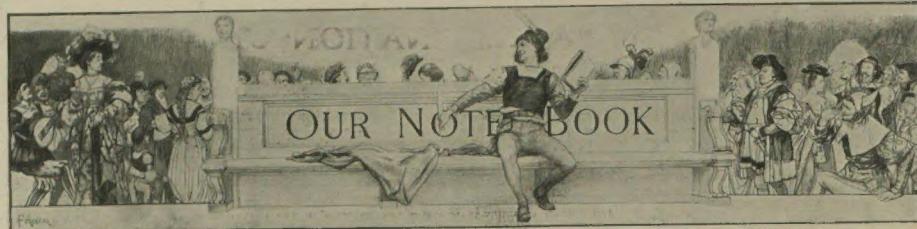
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BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

HOW tremendous international events have ploughed up the soil, and even the subsoil, of the best English minds is well exhibited in a remark by "Romney," who writes military criticisms for the *New Age*. He says, with a splendid suddenness and simplicity, that pride is a mortal sin, and there is an end of it. The *New Age* is the able organ of Guild Socialism, but its original roots were rather in Nietzsche than in Francis of Assisi. "Romney" is an excellent military critic; but hitherto his criticism has been mainly military. That he should trace any situation back to the sin of pride is really a revelation of modern realities and a realisation of ancient truths.

Perhaps the most pointed way of putting the truth to the average man is this: Is it not true that pride gives to every other vice the extra touch of the intolerable? Whether or no it be the one thing that is unpardonable, is it not, in practice, the one thing that is unpardoned? I think the instinct of mankind against pride, as the ultimate human evil, can be proved from the most prosaic details or the most babyish beginnings. We do not specially resent a schoolboy being in love with a different girl every week, nor even his being in love with all of them in the course of the same week. Our dim yet divine desire to kick him only comes when he says that they are all in love with him. Even at that early and innocent stage the egoism is more revolting than the appetite. It is even more so, of course, when the double sin has sprung to maturity. Prodigacy might well be pathetic, if the pathos were not killed by the pride. The sort of sensual passion that ends in suicide has about it something of the sacred madness of a marriage. It is at least irrevocable. But what we all hate is the Lothario, the lady-killer. And we hate that murderer, not for the number of times he has killed a lady, but for the number of times he has failed to kill himself.

Even from this casual case of the common dandy and professional seducer the practical point could be proved: that pride is the poison in every other vice. It is just as true in the case of the opposite fault. Nobody ever hated a miser. Fundamentally, everybody pitied him. And if you do not understand how throwing pebbles, pulling coat-tails, and firing pea-shooters can be expressions of pity, then I can only tell you (what will doubtless distress you very much) that you are something smaller than mankind. The real miser was so public that he was almost popular. So long as the rich man dressed like a poor man he received something of that unconscious respect that all Christendom has given to the poor man. The rags of the miser were reverenced like the rags of the saint. And this was on the noble and unreasonable ground that both were voluntary. There was this much of truth in the comparison: that neither the saint nor the miser minded looking like a fool. Therefore men have always joked about the miser, as they have about the hermit, as they have about the friar and the monk. The real beggar was funny; the false beggar was even funnier. And the usurers and princes of avarice were never killed (strangely enough) until there had been added to them that dynamite detail which we call pride.

The modern rich began to be hunted by the modern hatred when they had abandoned the wise precautions of the misers. The misers hid their wealth. The millionaires display it. In both cases the common-sense of the public pierces through the pretence. But in the old case it found only a harmless eccentricity; in the new case it discovers a harmful concentration. When all is said and done, however, the difference between the two types of money-getting

is not difficult to state. The fact is that a man was ashamed of being a miser; a man is not ashamed of being a millionaire. This amazing truth can only be explained as the insolence of the profligate has been explained. The usurer, the man-killer, can, like the lady-killer, stun and strengthen himself with the small drug of pride. The moment he can sincerely admire himself, all other men will admire him.

I believe this malady of a small pride will be found almost everywhere to be the reason of wrong and of the rending of human fellowship. Gluttony is a great fault; but we do not necessarily dislike a glutton. We only dislike the glutton when he becomes the *gourmet*—that is, we only dislike him when he not only wants the best for himself, but knows what is best for other people. It is the poison of pride that has made the difference. Sloth is a great fault: but we do not necessarily dislike the sluggard. We only dislike the sluggard when he becomes the *aesthete*—the man who need not do anything, but need only "exist beautifully." It is the poison of pride that has made the difference. Passions that can be respected as passions, weaknesses that can be revered as weaknesses, can all be suddenly distorted into devilish shapes, and made to dance to devilish tunes, at the first note of this shrill and hollow reed.

The principle accepted by "Romney" in the *New Age* may very well be a working moral guide among the wild things that are happening around us. We can judge of any action with some confidence by whether it is heralded by arrogance. The old philanthropist of the New Testament was warned not to sound a trumpet before him when he gave money to the poor. The new philanthropist of the Insurance Act sounds a trumpet before him when he takes money away from them. But in any case, the test is whether the organiser is ashamed of his shortcomings or proud of them. All social schemes, especially temporary social schemes, must be very crude. But we will forgive them their crudeness if they will not call it their clearness. All social authorities summoned to such a problem can easily be pardoned for an element of instantaneous confusion, if followed by normal human energy. But they must not make a panic and all it promptitude. They must not say they were on the spot merely because they were in a hurry to get there. This twist of pride, this attempt to turn mere puzzlement into the superiority of the sociological philosopher, has too long been the weakness of our politics. We cannot afford to indulge it now.

Similarly, there are controversies everywhere to-day touching the location of an external barbarism. I should apply the same principle. It does not matter much who is civilised or savage: both civilisation and savagery have their good points. But if there be something that behaves like savagery and boasts of civilisation, then there is the devil in it. I suppose a Red Indian could scalp a man almost unconsciously. For all I know, a South Sea Island man could eat a man unconsciously. But if, the Red Indian calls scalping the last step in cerebral surgery, I suspect there is something wrong. If the South Sea Islander calls cannibalism "The New Diet: No More Beef and Mutton," I begin to feel a faint distaste for him. And so I think most of us, with ordinary experience and charity, could easily excuse what looks like barbaric betrayal and barbaric vengeance, if it were not connected with any claim of larger culture or loftier destiny. The vices of the Superman might easily be pardoned. It is his virtues that are unpardonable. It is this element that makes the position of the merely insolent impossible even for their own purposes. Pride does not go before a fall. Pride is a fall, in the instant understanding of all the intelligent who see it.

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## NOW GONE TO "A DESTINATION UNKNOWN": SIR JOHN FRENCH IN PARIS.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTISTS AND CORRESPONDENTS.



A FACSIMILE SKETCH—THE COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL: FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH DRIVING FROM THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN HIS CAR.

This very interesting sketch was made by Mr. Frederic Villiers, one of our special war artists and correspondents. Mr. Villiers left England for the front nearly a fortnight ago. In company with others, he is now in Paris. He hopes to join the troops in the field before long; indeed, may have done so before this is published. As to the sketch, it may be recalled that Field-Marshal Sir John French, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, arrived at the French Army Headquarters on Friday, August 14. The next day he went to Paris, where he was received by the populace with scenes of unparalleled enthusiasm. On the morning of Monday, the 17th, he left the British Embassy in his motor-car "for a destination unknown"—in other words,

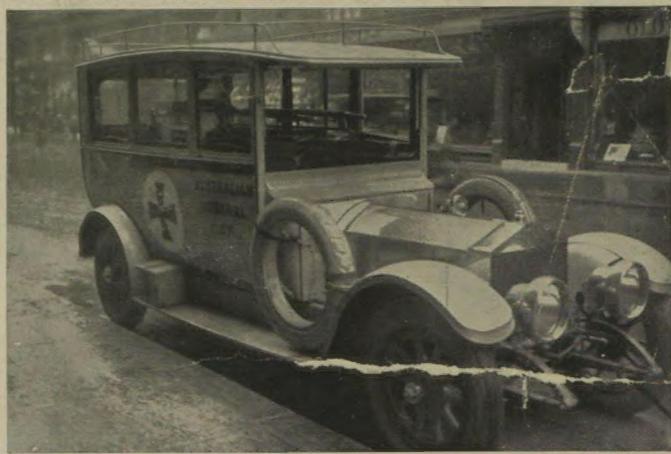
to rejoin the British army at the front. Our artist has depicted the scene when the General's motor-car was leaving the Embassy on Saturday, the 15th. Describing the scene which followed, the representative of a Parisian newspaper says: "Then among this palpitating crowd, no longer able to restrain its enthusiasm, there arose a movement which broke down all barriers and forced the police to fall back. The English General's motor-car was surrounded, and a great clamour arose—the utterance from thousands of throats of cries of 'Vive le General French!' 'Vive l'Angleterre!' 'Vive la France!' And women, and children held at arms' length, threw into the carriage flowers, tricolour cockades, miniature English flags."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## WITH THE RED CROSS, BOY SCOUTS, SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

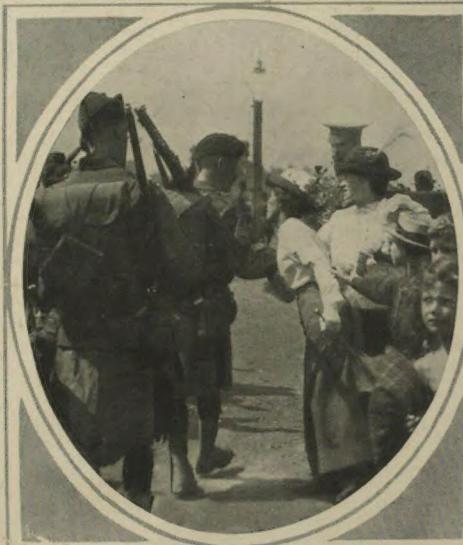
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OFF TO THE FRONT FROM GUY'S: A HEARTY SEND-OFF FROM THE HOSPITAL FOR A RED CROSS UNIT.



PRESENTED BY AUSTRALIANS TO THE VOLUNTARY HOSPITAL ORGANISED BY LADY DUDLEY: A FINE AMBULANCE MOTOR-CAR.



BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: "AU REVOIR" TO THE BLACK WATCH AT ALDERSHOT.



MAKING CLOTHES FOR THE SOLDIERS AT A BIG LONDON HOTEL: LADIES WORKING FOR QUEEN MARY'S NEEDLEWORK GUILD.



TO TEST WATER AND INSPECT FOOD AT THE FRONT: THE SANITARY DETACHMENT OF THE R.A.M.C.



YOUNGSTERS WHO HAVE PROVED THEMSELVES MEN: BOY SCOUTS GUARDING A RAILWAY TUNNEL AT ANDOVER.

## AND MILITARY: HOW THOSE AT HOME ARE WORKING.

SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND OAKES.



PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE WAR OFFICE BY THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY: A TRAVELLING HOSPITAL.



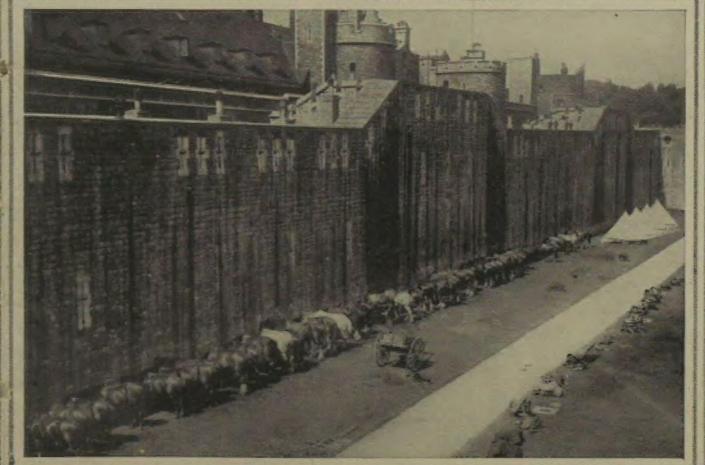
QUITE COMFORTABLE WITH CHAIR-BACKS AS PILLOWS: TERRITORIALS BILLETED IN A PUBLIC HALL.



STRANGELY TRANSFORMED SINCE THE LAST ASSIZES: A HOSPITAL IN THE JUDGE'S LODGINGS AT WINCHESTER.



ENROLLED FOR SERVICE IN LONDON TO HELP THE POLICE MEMBERS OF THE NEW SPECIAL CONSTABULARY.



HORSE LINES LAID IN AN UNUSUAL PLACE: TERRITORIAL HORSES IN THE MOAT OF THE TOWER.



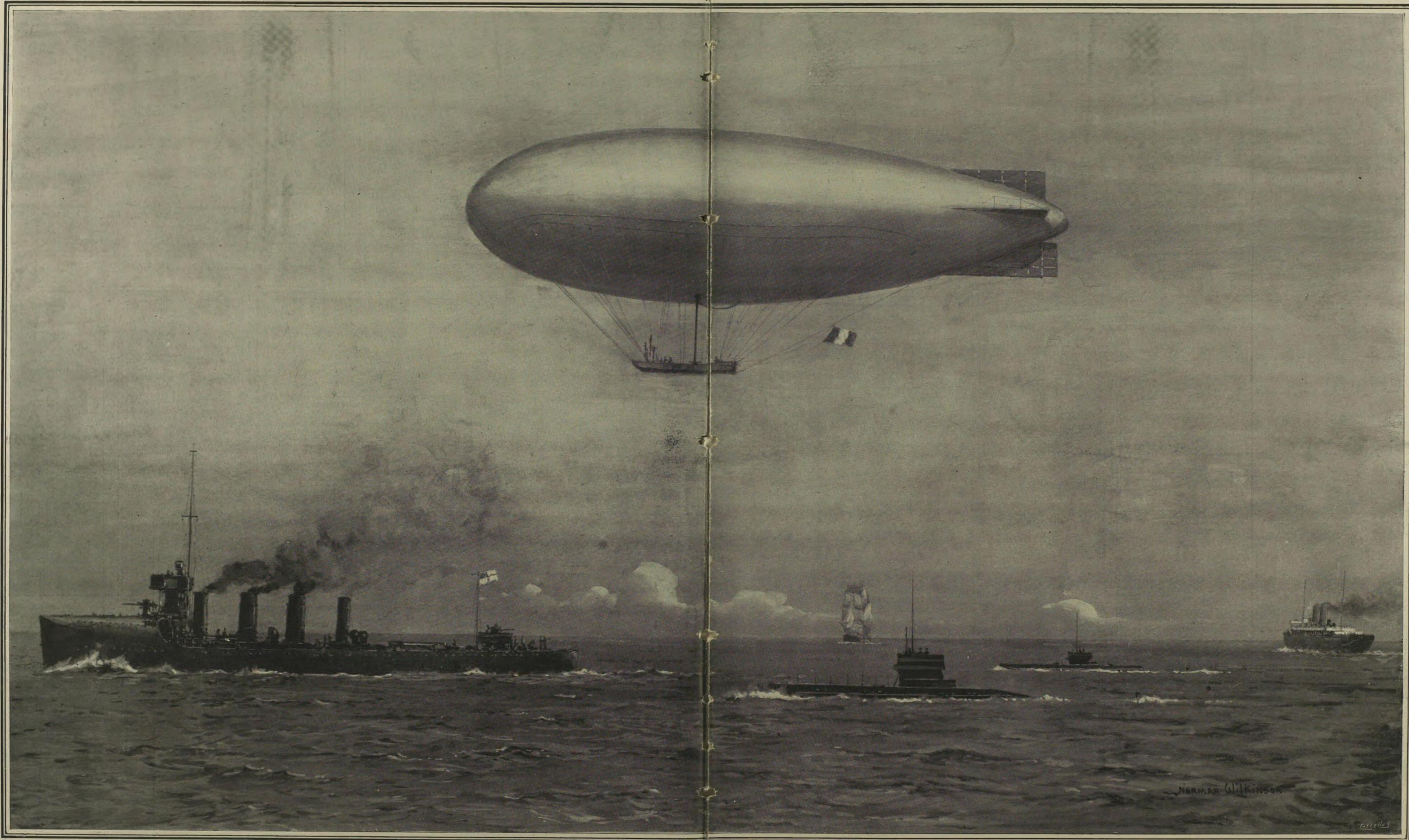
EVEN A STREET BEING USED AS A BARRACK-YARD: SOLDIERS DRILLING IN A THOROUGHFARE AT HULL.

Work at home in connection with the war has been carried on with the greatest enthusiasm and despatch. In connection with the Red Cross work and the provision of clothes and comforts for the men at the front and their dependents, hundreds of well-known women are working almost day and night. Sir Frederick Treves recently announced that Red Cross "units" would leave for the front practically every day for some time to come. A unit consists of ten surgeons, ten dressers, and twenty fully qualified hospital nurses. Comfortable motor-ambulances and hospital trains, elaborately equipped, are features of the present war, as is also the new

Sanitary Detachment for the front, composed entirely of specially trained men. The Territorials are settling down to the gruelling process of "getting fit," with admirable good humour, and are accustoming themselves to all sorts of strange sleeping-places as the "fortune of war." Meanwhile, many thousands of active men of all classes who for one reason or another are unable to offer their services to the Army have volunteered for service in the new special constabulary for duty in London for four hours a day. Boy Scouts are being utilised by the Government in large numbers, and have proved very efficient as despatch-carriers, guards over railway lines and bridges, and as patrols.

## GUARDING THE CHANNEL TO PROTECT TRANSPORTS AND OTHER VESSELS: FRENCH AIR-CRAFT AND BRITISH WAR-SHIPS.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE LYNCH, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTISTS AND CORRESPONDENTS.



## THE ALLIES KEEPING WATCH AND WARD OVER THE CHANNEL BY SEA AND AIR:

## A FRENCH DIRIGIBLE PASSING OVER A BRITISH DESTROYER AND TWO SUBMARINES.

Describing this scene, Mr. George Lynch writes: "Rather less than midway across the Channel we saw a large dirigible approaching from the direction of the French coast. She arrived closest to us as we were just passing a little group of our own craft—a destroyer, a torpedo-boat, and two submarines. The day was beautifully fine with a cloudless sky and a light fresh breeze, against which, when she turned, the dirigible flew at a good pace. She looked fine as she manoeuvred about with rapid ease, the French flag fluttering from the stern-shrouds of her car. She accompanied us, as did the destroyer, for some distance, flying quite low. I have not put in the torpedo-boat in my sketch, but what came into

the actual picture at the same moment were the French dirigible, the destroyer, two submarines, a torpedo-boat, and a brigantine under full sail. It was a lovely as well as interesting picture. The main service of the dirigible would be to keep a look-out for German submarines, which would, of course, be quite plainly visible in this brilliant light from that height." The vessel on the left in the drawing is, of course, the British destroyer, and in the middle are the two submarines. The subject is of special interest in view of the fact that reconnaissance by air is playing an important part in the war.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.



A PART from confused fore-front fighting in force from Belgium to Belfort—resulting in the former quarter on the whole in favour of the Germans, and on the other against them—the beginning of this week was marked by two outstanding events: the arrival of the German Emperor on the Rhine; and the arrival of a British army in France. Marvellous is the whirling of time! It was at Boulogne that Napoleon gathered a huge host for the subjugation of England; and it was on the same historic heights, above the town, that a big British army—which had been mobilised complete with all its horses, guns, supply and ammunition, trains—pitched its tents within a brief ten days of our declaration of war, after being carried across the Channel without a single hitch or a casualty. Whatever the Germans may yet do in the field, it will be impossible for them to surpass us in organisation.

None of us have any doubt that, wherever this expeditionary force of ours has to fight it will, as usual, give a very good account of itself, to say the least; but on the other hand, it is by no means so clear to what extent the Kaiser himself will prove of corresponding value to his own army by his presence in its midst. The truth is that his Majesty is still a very dark horse of the military kind, and has his reputation as a soldier still to make. He has not yet even received his baptism of fire, which his grandfather underwent at the age of seventeen, in the year before Waterloo. The old Emperor had also been through the campaign of '66 with Moltke at his side; and when, on Aug. 2, 1870, he reached Mayence—the place where his grandson also now chose to make his appearance on the military stage—he was already such a source of inspiration to his troops as to intoxicate them with a certainty of coming victory. It was the same with all the old Kaiser's paladins—Moltke, Roon, Bismarck, Blumenthal, the Crown Prince, the "Red Prince"—all of whom were proved, laurel-wreathed men of valour whose very names gave courage and confidence to the German soldiers.

But all that is now far otherwise. In 1870 every commanding General was a man of proved achievement and renown—most of them with two victorious campaigns to their credit; but there are only a few of their present co-relatives who may have been through the French war as subalterns. Their oversea experience in East or South West Africa, or China—in the Boxer year—can have no bearing on the present colossal struggle. Therefore, the Generals are also all "dark horses." If they do not go about their business rather better than General von Ermich, few of them are likely to be honoured with the "Ordre pour le Mérite"—which the Kaiser had hastened to bestow on the defender of Port Arthur, who was afterwards court-martialled and condemned to death for betraying his trust. With one or two exceptions, the name of no German General is known outside the Fatherland itself. As for the Chief of the Grand General Staff, all that even the German public know of him is that he is at once a namesake and nephew of the great Moltke—a giant with a genial smile, but a doubtful quantity all the same.

The Kaiser's object in going to the Franco-Belgian front can only be to hearten his troops a little; but as he is engaged in a war on two fronts—like Bunyan's Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, or our Gloucestershire Regiment at Alexandria—it is clear that he cannot tarry long there, but must return to Berlin to cope with the on-rolling of the multitudinous Muscovites. The truth is that even Moltke himself, in such circumstances,

could not have afforded to be on one or the other front, but would have contented himself—with the help of telephones, telegraphs, and aeroplanes—with directing operations from a central watch tower in Berlin, just as he did for the first fortnight of the campaign of '66; and it was not till the eve of Königgrätz—three days before, to be strictly accurate—that he and King William—"Ego et rex meus"—or the King and he, with Bismarck and others, made their appearance in the actual theatre of war, to be present at the delivery of the decisive blow.

A blow of the same character is impending in Belgium, or the French country south of it. Perhaps even, with the help of our invincible soldiers, it may have been struck before these words are before the

immediately lost to us, and we must withdraw across the river."

I fancy that is what is going to happen now; and then, with the withdrawal of the German Army to the right bank of the Rhine—where it certainly, at least, would have a most formidable line of defence, much better than any range of hills, such as the Vosges, could give it—the Kaiser will doubtless return to his watch-tower, or lofty platform of observation at Berlin, to moralise, among other things, on the infernal predicament of the man who, through his own suicidal madness, at last finds himself between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea.

As for the Tsar, he is much too sensible to make an ostentatious assumption of the command of all his armies in the field; because, unlike William II., Nicholas II. knows his own limitations—which is the height of human wisdom. Yet it is a curious thing, when one comes to think of it, that not a single Emperor of Russia, which is a military monarchy *par excellence*, since Peter the Great has gone forth to fight at the head of his legions. Alexander I., our anti-Napoleon ally, took the field, it is true, with his armies, yet much more as a "deus" than a "tutamen in armis." Nicholas I., the most soldierly-looking and autocratic of all the Romanoffs, left the conduct of the Crimean campaign to Gortchakoff and others—including "General Février," who slew more than all the rest. Alexander II. showed up for a brief space in front of Plevna—and distributed decorations at Gorni-Studen, including one to Archibald Forbes, who had brought him the first news of the Shipka Pass affair; but otherwise he returned home, leaving the reduction of Plevna to Prince Charles of Roumania as Commander-in-Chief of the besieging forces.

Still, if Nicholas II.—unlike his fellow-sovereign at Berlin—has not placed himself on a prancing charger at the head of his armies, he has at least struck a blow equivalent to the putting out of action of several German army corps—by which I mean his promise of the reconstruction of Poland; just as M. Poincaré might equally have decreed the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine to France. There is a very large Polish element in the German Army—the 5th, or Posen, Corps being almost exclusively recruited from that race; while it has always also supplied the best ingredients of the Guards Army Corps at Berlin, which was thus intended to act as a proselytising and assimilating agency. At Sedan the 5th Corps was conspicuous for its bravery. But now, when all these Polish soldiers in the Prussian Army hear of the prospect which has been opened up to them by the Tsar—well, the result requires no explanation.

Neither do the other aspects of the war, which, so far, are all of very bad augury for its authors—all round. The colonial empire of Germany is being gradually mopped up by us, and will soon be a thing of the past; her mercantile marine has been swept from the seas; her navy has been bottled up like a fox (of the *Goeben* kind) whose hole is stopped; her armies in the west have suffered severe reverses; and the hearts of her helmeted soldiers do not seem to be in it to the extent that this was so in '70—to judge from the way in which they are letting themselves be taken prisoners—nor do they seem to have the same understanding of their business as before. All these things tend to supply an answer to the question put by a German writer, Beyerling, who, several years ago, published a book which caused a great sensation at the time—"Jena or Sedan?"

LONDON, AUGUST 19.



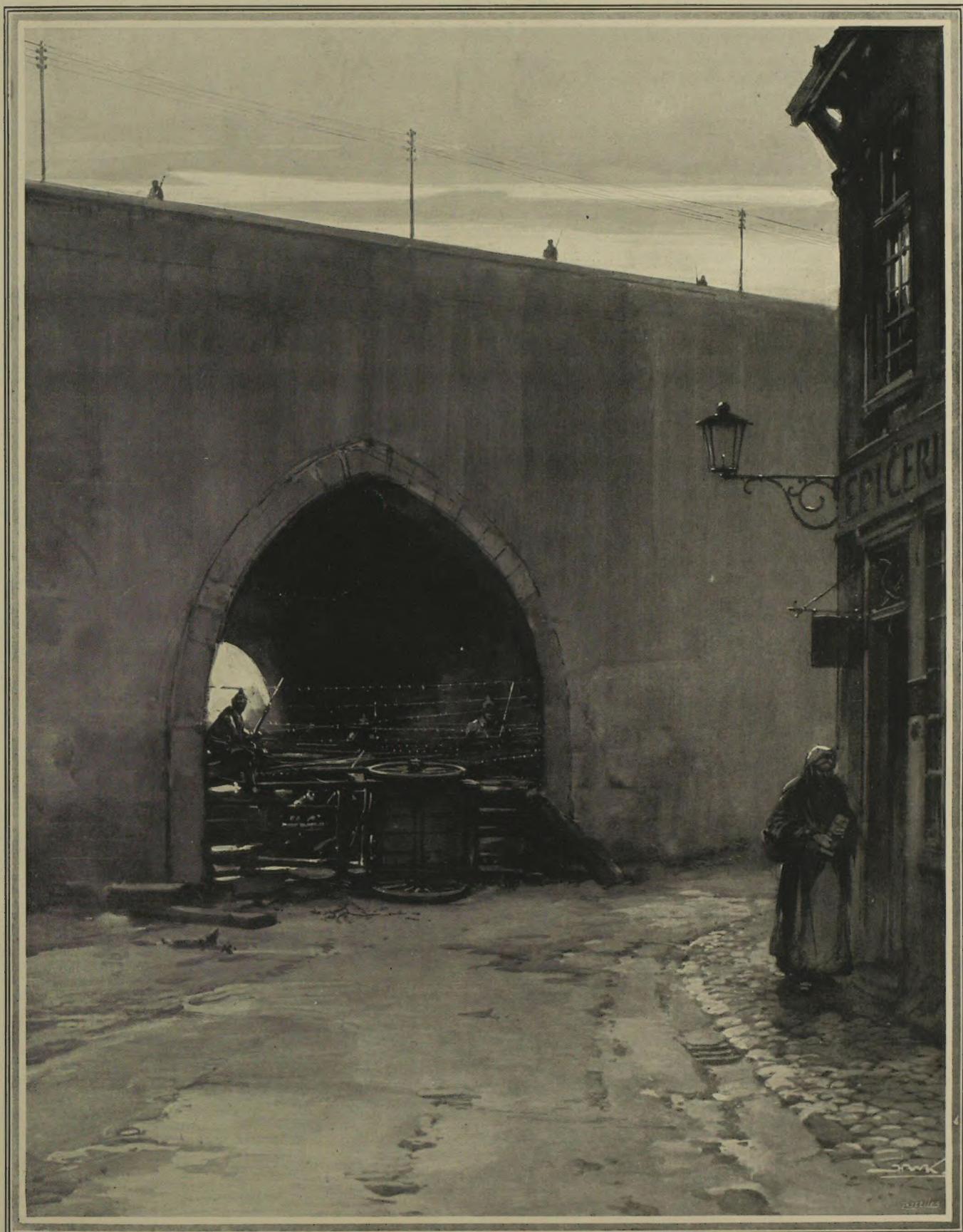
TO COMMAND THE SECOND ARMY CORPS OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN PLACE OF THE LATE SIR JAMES GRIERSON: GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN. Lieutenant-General Sir James Grierson, who had been appointed to command the Second Army Corps of the British Expeditionary Force, has since died suddenly of heart failure while travelling in a train. General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who has taken his place, has seen much active service. He fought in the Zulu War, the Egyptian War of 1882, the Nile Expedition (1884), the Sudan Campaign, the Chitral Relief Force, the Tirah Campaign, the Nile Expedition (1898), and the South African War, in which he commanded a brigade and a division. Later, he held high commands in India. From 1907-12 he was Commander-in-Chief at Aldershot, and since 1912 he has held the Southern Command.

Photograph by Russell.

public eye. And if, as I think, it will prove adverse to the Germans, what then? The answer to this question is to be found in a letter written to Bismarck by the old Emperor in October 1879, at a time when the Austro-German Treaty of Alliance was being negotiated, and when the conditions of another Franco-German war had entirely altered owing to the line of forts which had meanwhile made the French frontier all but impenetrable. "If the German Army," wrote the shrewd old Kaiser, "is defeated in the first battle, then the left bank of the Rhine is

## GERMAN DEFENCES IN LIÉGE: A RAILWAY ARCH BARRICADED.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK FROM MATERIAL COURTEOUSLY SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR PAUL HAMELIUS, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LIÉGE.



A RAILWAY EMBANKMENT USED AS AN EXTEMPOРИSED FORTIFICATION BY THE GERMANS OCCUPYING LIÉGE: AN ARCH BARRICADED WITH AN OVERTURNED CART, SLEEPERS, AND BARBED WIRE.

When the Germans had occupied Liège they had to improvise fortifications for their own protection, as the town, though surrounded by forts, is itself unfortified. For this purpose they made use of the steep incline of the railway that leads from the valley of the Meuse to the plateau above. Our drawing represents a railway bridge with the archway beneath barricaded by a small wheeled cart, a number of railway sleepers, and barbed-wire entanglements. German sentries are seen inside the "gate," and on the

railway line above. The drawing was based on information and material courteously supplied by Professor Paul Hamelius, whose excellent account of his experiences at Liège appeared recently in the always enterprising "Morning Post." Professor Hamelius, who holds the Chair of English Literature in the University of Liège, was in the town when the German invading force arrived. He reached London only a few days ago.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## MODERN NAVAL WARFARE: II.—THE ERA OF THE DREADNOUGHTS.

SHIP-BUILDING ADVANCE.

BY A NAVAL EXPERT.



IT was stated in the Introductory Article last week, that, from the date of the great battle between the Japanese and Russian Fleets at Tsushima, in May 1905, the *Dreadnought* era begins. Up to that date, the principal battle-ships of the navies of the world were below 16,350 tons in displacement, their speed was not more than 18 knots, and their armament included only four guns of the heaviest calibre, usually 12-inch. It is true that some of the nations may have had—probably did have—plans of heavier armed ships which were favoured by their naval authorities as a result of the lessons of the Russo-Japanese conflict.

But, thanks to the energy and foresight of Lord Fisher, who was then First Sea Lord, Great Britain was the first Naval Power to complete a *Dreadnought*. Only twelve months was occupied for the building of the original ship, which was laid down at Portsmouth in October 1905, and was at sea in the following October, when her trials completely justified the hopes of all concerned in her production. By this stroke of policy, we put back the ship-building progress of all the other nations, and this country secured a lead which it has maintained ever since. Incidentally, the building of the *Dreadnought*, by reason of the fact that it compelled the Germans to follow suit if they wished to keep their fleet abreast of the times, made the Kiel Canal useless as a passage-way for the largest vessels. They were obliged to widen and deepen it at a cost of nearly £8,000,000. It is odd that this work was only completed a few weeks before the outbreak of the war, the new locks being formally opened by the Kaiser on June 24. Some people might regard this as more than a coincidence.

The outstanding features by which the first *Dreadnought* differed from her predecessors concerned principally the elements of gun-power and speed. There was a practical recognition in the type that, as these were the two most important elements from an offensive standpoint, they should be given the greatest consideration and attention. Earlier battle-ships carried four 12-inch guns for extreme ranges, four 9.2-inch guns for medium ranges, and ten 6-inch guns for short ranges, the three calibres of weapons increasing the difficulty of controlling fire, supplying ammunition, and the like. There was nothing of this patchwork character in the *Dreadnought's* armament. For fleet actions, all guns below the 12-inch were ruled out. It was realised that such guns could fight at all ranges up to the longest, whereas those in a mixed armament could not. The increased radius of the torpedo showed that future battles would not only have to begin, but to continue, at longer ranges than previously, hence the desire to develop the maximum gun-power at the longest distance. Coupled with the advance in speed to 21 knots, the armament of the *Dreadnought* was designed to suit the altered naval needs of the moment. But progress is continuous, and there have since been many developments on the original *Dreadnought*, especially in guns—the 12-inch having given place to the 13.5-inch and 15-inch—and in the method of mounting and distributing the weapons. The *Queen Elizabeth* type now coming along for completion, which is the first to burn oil instead of coal for fuel, undoubtedly shows a greater advance over the *Dreadnought* than that ship did over her fore-runners.

Simultaneously with the *Dreadnought* type of battle-ship there also appeared a new class known by the term "battle-cruiser," which may be regarded as a development from the armoured cruiser previously built. The battle-cruiser, with a higher speed than the armoured cruiser, combined an armament of the heaviest guns such as had

only before been mounted in battle-ships.

The latest armoured cruisers of the *Shannon* class were of 14,600 tons displacement, steamed at 23 knots speed, and were armed with four 9.2-inch and ten 7.5-inch guns. The battle-cruisers of the *Invincible* type were of 17,250 tons displacement, steamed at 25 knots, and were armed with eight 12-inch guns. The latest battle-cruisers in service are those of the *Lion* class, of 27,000 tons displacement,

type. It has proved more expensive than the battle-ship, owing largely to the greater engine-power required to develop the higher speed. The Germans, however, took it up with energy, and it appears to have proved the most successful type among the recent additions to their fleet.

Coming next to light cruisers, the importance of these has not diminished owing to the changes connected with the *Dreadnought* era, but a much different type of vessel is now demanded. The advent of wireless made fewer cruisers necessary for intelligence duties, but fast vessels are still required to act as scouts to the battle fleet, to protect it from an enemy's torpedo craft, and also to act as parent vessels to destroyers and submarines. A typical light cruiser of the *Dreadnought* era was the *Amphion*, which had the ill-luck to strike a mine which sent her to the bottom in the first week of the war. The class to which she belongs has a displacement of 3440 tons and a speed of 25½ knots, the armament consisting of ten 4-inch guns. More familiar to many people, however, will be the slightly larger "City" cruisers, which, in addition to fulfilling the purposes mentioned above, are also suited to service on foreign stations and for the protection of commerce. The *Birmingham*, one of the latest, is of 5440 tons, and carries an armament of nine 6-inch guns, the speed being 25½ knots. In the German Navy, light cruisers are also named after cities, and a comparison of types with those in the British Navy shows that a weaker armament has been favoured, combined with a somewhat higher speed. The latter advantage has served the *Breslau*, in the Mediterranean, and the *Dresden*, in the Atlantic, a good turn in their rôle of commerce protectors or destroyers.

The torpedo-boat-destroyers of the last nine years show a remarkable development upon their predecessors—in speed, in sea-keeping powers, in radius of action, and, above all, in offensive power, both torpedoes and guns. Even more striking has been the advance in submarines. These important classes of war-vessels will be dealt with more fully in a later article. It may be said in conclusion, however, that a significant feature of recent progress in the navies of the world has been the provision of non-fighting or auxiliary craft of several descriptions—depot and repair-ships, distilling-vessels, and the like, down to and including the necessary hospital ships. Most of these auxiliaries are the result of the need for a modern fleet to be as far as possible self-contained. The Navy, it has been truly said, is always on active service, and our ships spend the greater part of their time at sea, making good most of their defects, and only coming into a dockyard for periodical overhaul. The advent and improvement of the submarine mine has led to two classes of auxiliaries—mine-sweepers, which precede the fleet to sea and clear its path of hostile mines, and mine-layers, which place mines off an enemy's port or in the way of his war-ships.

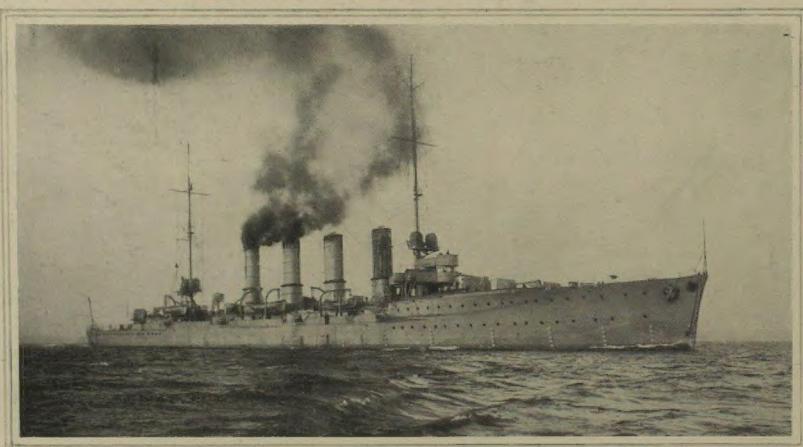
Such, in brief, is the new material of naval war which is now being submitted to the supreme and final test, together with the older vessels of the pre-*Dreadnought* era which still retain their effectiveness. It would take many pages to describe, even in outline, the vast amount of energy, research, and labour which has gone to the making of the fleets engaged in conflict on the part of the ship-builder, the marine engineer, the artillerist, and many other professional men, including the naval officer himself. Having dealt with the ships themselves, there remains the important and wide field of their equipment, to be referred to in later articles.



THE "GOEBEN'S" COMPANION IN FLIGHT  
THE LIGHT CRUISER "BRESLAU."

The "Breslau" is of the same type of "light cruiser" as the "Birmingham," which sank submarine "U 15." The only difference is that in the German ships a weaker armament has been favoured with a somewhat higher speed. She is said to have been renamed the "Middelu" by the Turks.

28 knots speed, and an armament of eight 13.5-inch guns. Thus it will be seen that the battle-cruiser of the *Dreadnought* era has two guns less than the battle-ship, but four to six knots more speed. Battle-cruisers are strong as well as swift, for it was of no



OUT TO RAID BRITISH COMMERCE: THE LIGHT-CRUISER "KARLSRUHE."

The "Karlsruhe" was sent into the Atlantic on the service for which she was specially designed—to raid the trade routes and destroy British liners and food-ships. She is larger and faster than the "Breslau"—of 4900 tons compared with 4550 tons, and 28 knots compared with 25½ knots. Several British and French cruisers are trying to waylay the "Karlsruhe."

use to build them for service as the fast wing of the battle fleet, capable of overtaking a retreating enemy, unless they were given gun-power sufficient to attack him when caught. Germany and Japan, and more recently Russia, are the only nations among the Great Powers which have adopted the battle-cruiser

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GERMAN HIGH SEAS FLEET.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BIEBER.



FORMERLY CAPTAIN OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT, AND NOW IN CHARGE OF HIS NAVY AT SEA :  
ADMIRAL VON INGENOHL.

Admiral Von Ingenohl, Commander-in-Chief of the German High Seas Fleet, is in the peculiar position of being in command of a navy which is the second most powerful in the world, but still has its traditions to make, and has never been "shot over." Admiral Von Ingenohl himself first came under the notice of the Kaiser as a Lieutenant on the royal yacht, the "Hohenzollern," in 1889, during a cruise to Norway and England ; and in 1904, after holding a number of minor commands, he

was recalled to the royal yacht as Captain. In that capacity he accompanied the Kaiser on many important voyages, including the famous meeting with the Tsar in Finnish waters, and the historic journey to Tangier in 1905. He became a Rear-Admiral in 1908, then Second Admiral of the First Squadron, Admiral à la suite of the Kaiser ; and he now holds the rank of Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet. He entered the German Navy in 1877.

## THE VANGUARD OF THE KAISER'S HOSTS ON BELGIAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY

## SOIL: A GERMAN CAMP, AFTER A BATTLE NEAR LIÈGE.

NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



WITH BELGIAN PRISONERS: THE GERMANS IN CAMP, AFTER THE

It was at Visé that the Germans first discovered what kind of resistance they had to meet from the Belgians. They had crossed the frontier, it was reported, in motor-cars, which were followed by large bodies of cavalry. Between the frontier and Visé the Belgians blew up bridges, and, by heavy fire, for a long time prevented the efforts of the Germans to cross the Meuse by pontoons. Visé itself was defended very stubbornly, and was only taken after a long struggle. The Germans suffered



ATTACK ON VISÉ, WHERE THEY RECEIVED THE FIRST SERIOUS CHECK.

great losses from the Belgian artillery and rifle-fire. The above photograph shows a view of the German camp after the action at Visé. In the hollow on the left, near the centre of the picture, may be seen a small number of Belgian prisoners, seated on the ground, and guarded by German soldiers standing round them. In the foreground is a group of spectators. The camp, with a large number of horses, is under the trees in the background.

## IN THE UNIFORMS THEY WEAR BOTH FOR WAR AND FOR PEACE: HORSEMEN OF THE BELGIAN ARMY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD—TAKEN WITH A NO. 1A FOLDING POCKET KODAK.



ABOUT TO FORD A RIVER: BELGIAN CAVALRY WATERING THEIR HORSES BEFORE CROSSING—MEN OF THE ARMY REPORTED TO HAVE ROUTED GERMAN UHLANS.

...as "nos petits" of the Belgian infantry and artillery have borne themselves at Liège and in combats in the open all over the Meuse valley, their comrades of the Belgian cavalry, Hussars, Chasseurs, and Lancers alike, can claim equal honour for the magnificent dash with which they have repeatedly defeated in hand-to-hand fights the celebrated German Uhlans, by reputation next after the Cossacks, the most dreaded and redoubtable horsemen of Europe. Like the rest of the Belgian Army, they have had to go into action rendered unduly conspicuous by the uniforms they wear in peace; and undoubtedly in consequence their losses under fire have been unnecessarily

heavy. Their opportunity came in the cavalry fighting at Haelen and round Diest last week, when the Uhlans reconnaissances in force, supported by infantry detachments or parties of mounted infantry, were checked and beaten back. According to officers' telegrams from Brussels the Belgian light horsemen on several occasions charged the heavy German cavalry, and broke through them, taking many prisoners and forcing the Uhlans to ride hard for their lives. A correspondent has said that the Belgian cavalry fight like our own mounted infantry. They advance, then dismount, and make their horses lie down to afford cover while they fire at the enemy.

## IN THE WAKE OF THE GERMAN ADVANCE: FIRE AND FORAGING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF MOULAND: THE LAST OF THE GERMAN INVADERS LEAVING THE BELGIAN VILLAGE, AFTER THEY HAD BURNED IT.



FORAGING IN A CAFÉ WHICH WAS SPARED FROM THE FLAMES: HUNGRY GERMAN SOLDIERS SEARCHING FOR FOOD.

The first of the two snapshots from the front which we publish on this page gives a vivid idea of the desolation which has followed in the wake of the advancing German Army as it invaded Belgium. The first one shows the last of the invaders leaving a little village after it had been practically razed to the ground. It will be noticed that every cottage in the picture has been burnt out and left roofless, only the charred

remains of the outer walls still standing. In the second snapshot, German soldiers are seen foraging at the local café, which was spared from the flames. From all accounts there seems no doubt that in the General's determination to push forward with all speed, the German commissariat department completely broke down, and that most of the rank and file were practically starving.

## WITH THE INVADING ARMY: GERMANY IN MOULAND AND LIÈGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS



BEFORE THEIR HOMES WERE BURNT TO THE GROUND: WOMEN OF MOULAND GIVEN HALF-AN-HOUR TO REMOVE THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS.



GERMAN OFFICERS IN LIÈGE AFTER THE OCCUPATION: ENJOYING A GOOD MEAL AFTER SEVERAL HARD DAYS' FIGHTING.

A snapshot from the front which we publish on another page shows the ruins of a Belgian village after it had been invaded by the German Army in its march on Liège. The first photograph on this page shows some women of the village with a hand-cart going to remove what was left of their household goods. The photographer writes: "They were given by the Germans, as a special favour, half an hour in which to remove

any of their household effects left unburned." The second illustration shows German officers enjoying a good meal after their entry into Liège. After the privations of the previous week they had evidently been foraging to some purpose. The invaders' entry into Liège itself was not difficult. Indeed, it has been said: "It was nearly as easy to walk into Liège as into London," but the forts remained intact—a very different matter.

## FIGHTING GERMANY IN BELGIUM: CYCLIST SCOUTS AND INFANTRY

—GRAPHIC BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS AND FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.



SILENT, SPEEDIER, AND LESS CONSPICUOUS THAN MOUNTED MEN: BELGIAN CYCLIST SCOUTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.



READY TO FACE THE HOSTS OF GERMANY ABOUT HALF A MILE AWAY: BELGIAN INFANTRY MARCHING TO THE FIRING LINE.

The Belgian cyclist scouts have been doing very good work in the war. There was an unconfirmed report, in fact, that 200 of them had succeeded in routing a body of 400 German cavalry. It is obvious that cyclists are more silent and less conspicuous than horsemen, and on good roads they can also move more rapidly. On the other hand, they cannot, of course, operate so well over rough ground.—If the Belgian infantry

do not present quite so smart an appearance as that of the German troops, they have shown that they are unsurpassed in the essential qualities of a soldier, courage and endurance. Their splendid stand against the Germans proves that equipment, though important, is not everything, and that men fighting for their country's freedom can overcome troops who lack nothing in the way of accoutrements.

## CHANGING COLOUR TO ELUDE GERMAN CRUISERS: A LINER DISGUISED.

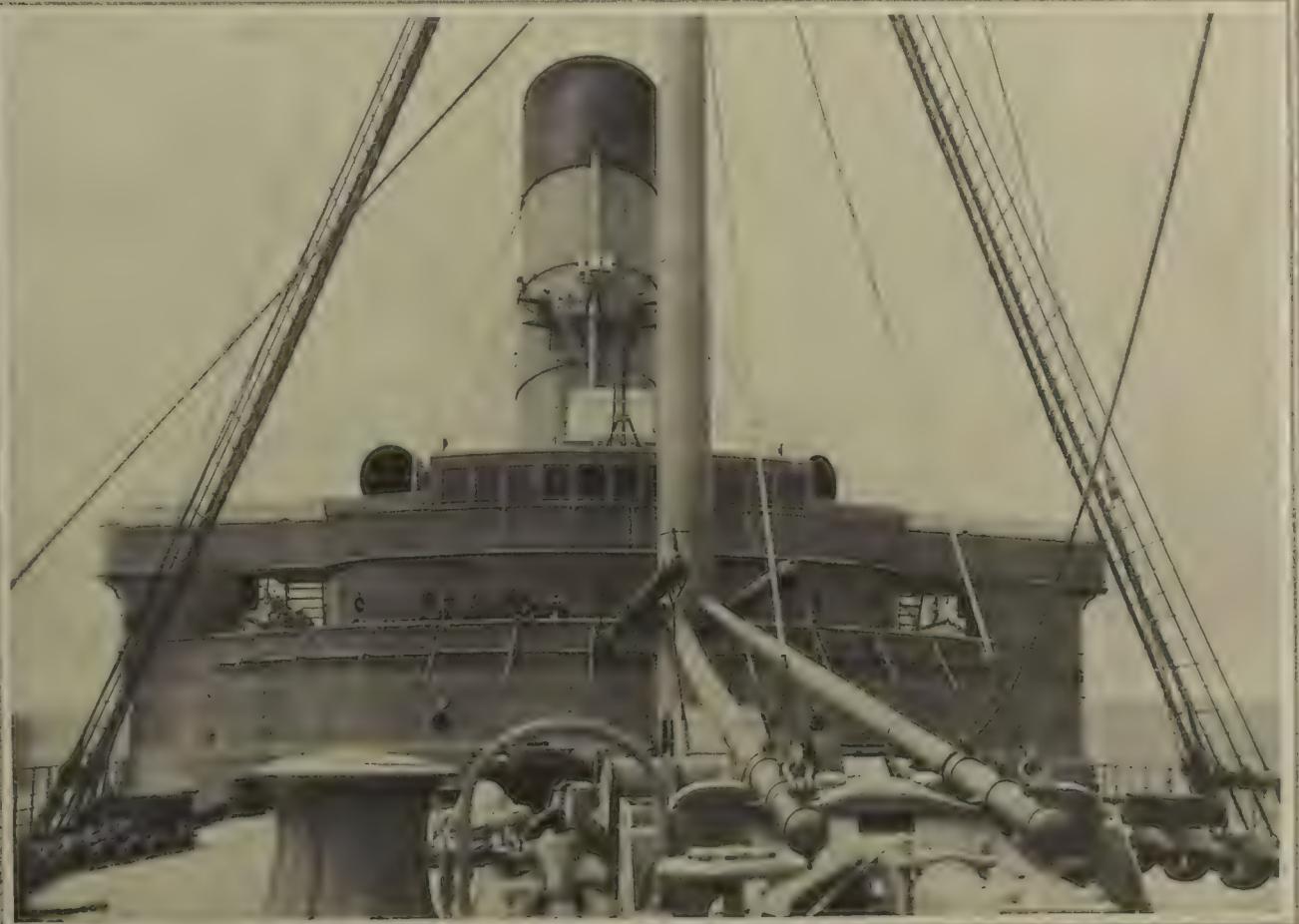
"IN utter darkness, save for a masthead and sidelight, we started on surely what must have been one of the most memorable sea trips of modern times. We passed the North-German Lloyd and Hamburg-Amerika docks, where the enormous 'Vaterland' was lying, having been afraid to come out on August 1, when she was due to sail. She would, doubtless, have liked to inform the German cruisers that we had left port, but her wireless was controlled by the American authorities. In the Narrows we passed the 'Olympic' hurrying into port... All lights were now extinguished, even the masthead light, and the ship was in complete darkness. Next morning we heard bad news. When we dropped our pilot, one of our turbines went wrong, and we had only three working instead of four. This was really a serious matter, for instead of being one of the two fastest vessels afloat, we had become one that any moderate-speed cruiser could overhaul."

*[Continued opposite.]*



*[Continued.]*

"There was luckily a mist, for suddenly we sighted a warship on our port quarter, and as we watched her intently, not knowing what her nationality was, we saw her swing round, and deliberately try to cut us off. At the same instant we changed our course and ran for it. She seemed to gain a little on us, but you could see the heavy seas breaking over her bows, and presently there was a large puff of white smoke or steam, but we heard nothing. Just then, the mist came on thicker, and we gradually lost her. We heard afterwards that the captain had wired to the 'Essex' to come to us quick, and that the puff of smoke, which many of us had thought was her steam-whistle, was probably a gun fired. We also heard that she signalled to us to lay to, which order we declined to comply with. This episode was the only real excitement we had during our voyage." So writes a passenger on the "Lusitania."



1. REPAINED AT SEA AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST GERMAN WAR-SHIPS: THE "LUSITANIA'S" FUNNELS TURNED FROM RED TO WAR-GREY.

The "Lusitania's" voyage from New York to Liverpool was the slowest she has made, taking more than six days, from midnight on Tuesday, August 4, to nearly noon on Wednesday, August 12, whereas her record is 4 days 11 hours. News of the declaration of war had reached New York just before she started. As regards the above photographs, the correspondent whose account of the voyage is given above writes: "Those of us who went on deck early on Thursday morning were surprised to find the ship's

2. PAINTED WAR-GREY TO DECEIVE POSSIBLE PURSUERS ON THE HIGH SEAS: THE "LUSITANIA'S" BRIDGE FROM THE FORECASTLE.

colour being changed. Some of the crew were suspended in what seemed, to landsmen, most precarious positions round the four immense funnels, painting them war-grey, and the following day was occupied in transforming all the white paint of the bridge and fittings to the same hue. This gave the ship a most extraordinary and warlike appearance when seen from the fo'c'sle." Before the great Cunarder left New York, a large stock of grey paint had been laid in for "disguising" her on the voyage.

## WITH THE BELGIAN ARMY IN THE FIELD: IN THE FIRING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.



WHERE THE GERMAN FIRE DESTROYED A BELGIAN VILLAGE: RUINED HOUSES AT HAELLEN AFTER THE RECENT FIGHTING.



LEFT BY THE ENEMY AFTER A REPULSE IN BELGIUM: GERMAN CLOAKS AND ARMS PILED UP AT DIEST.



WITH HIS MEN IN THE FOREFRONT OF BATTLE: KING ALBERT IN THE FIRING-LINE.



THE FIELD TELEPHONE UNDER FIRE: A BELGIAN ARTILLERYMAN REPORTING TO HEADQUARTERS.



BELGIAN "CHASSEURS À PIED" ENTRENCHED THE OUTPOSTS OF THE



WITH A HORSE AND LANCE CAPTURED FROM THE GERMANS: ONE OF THE BELGIAN "GUIDES."



WHERE A BRIDGE WAS DESTROYED: BELGIAN CAVALRY, IN UNDRESS, CROSSING A STREAM.

## LINE AND IN THE WAKE OF THE INVADING GERMANS.

NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, AND PHOTO. PRESS.



IN THE WAKE OF THE GERMAN INVADERS: SMOULDERING RUINS IN A BELGIAN VILLAGE.



A BELGIAN PADRE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE: A PRIEST AND SOLDIERS AMIDST THE RUINS OF HAELLEN.



AND ENTRENCHING: A SNAPSHOT WITH ALLIES AT THE FRONT.



A BELGIAN INFANTRYMAN EQUIPPED FOR THE BATTLE: A CHARACTERISTIC TYPE.



FIRST AID IN THE FIRING-LINE: ATTENDING A BELGIAN CAVALRY OFFICER.



A CAUSE OF GREAT EMBARRASSMENT TO THE GERMANS: BELGIANS THROWING UP BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.



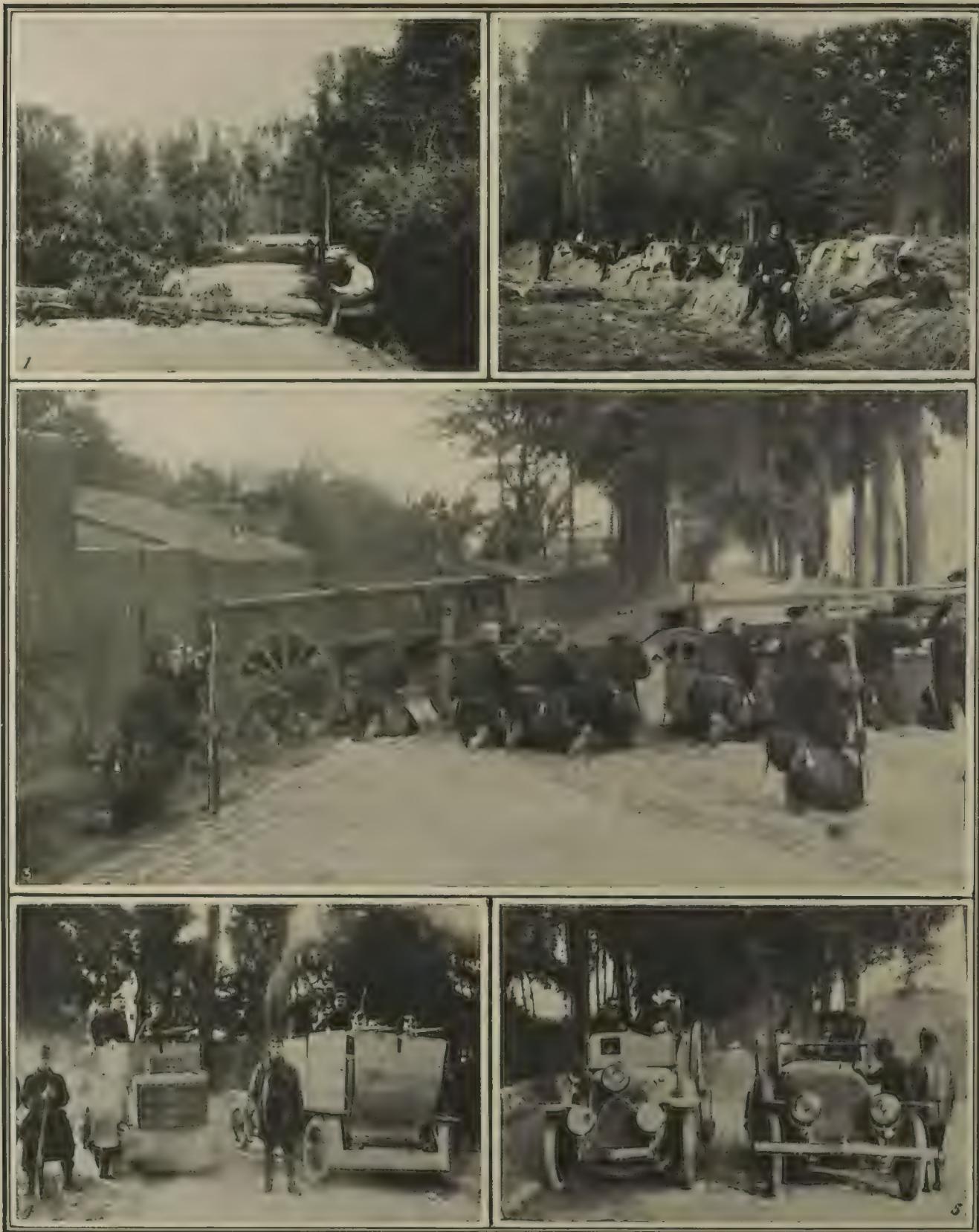
BIVOUACKING IN A CHURCH ON A FORCED MARCH: BELGIAN INFANTRY RESTING BEFORE A FIGHT.

The photographs from the front which we publish above show various phases of the fighting between the German outposts on the eve of the great battle and the gallant Belgians who made such a plucky stand against the invaders. At Haelen, about thirty-two miles from Brussels, it is stated that the engagement grew out of a reconnaissance in force by the Germans to a small action supported by guns, and the Germans retired in the end with heavy losses, but not until the village had been practically destroyed. The King of the Belgians is moving about amongst his troops at the front with great simplicity, sharing the fortune of the hour with the men in

the field. The bottom photograph on the left-hand side shows one of the Belgian "Guides." This corps corresponds in the Belgian Army to the "Hussars" of other nations. It will be noticed that one of our photographs shows a field-telephone, which has proved of great service in the present war; and another shows a party of Belgian infantry throwing up barbed-wire entanglements, a form of defence which was largely used in the Boer War and the Russo-Japanese War, and is likely to be even more extensively employed in the present campaign. Most of the German soldiers are said to carry wire-cutters in their equipment.

## AT THE FIRING LINE IN BELGIUM: HAELEN; AND ARMOURED MOTORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.



1. A PAIR OF BARRICADES TO STOP THE GERMAN ADVANCE: A ROAD NEAR HAELEN BLOCKED WITH HASTILY EXTEMPORED OBSTACLES.

2. BIDING THEIR TIME TILL THE UHLANS COME: AN OUTPOST OF BELGIAN "GUIDES" UNDER COVER NEAR HAELEN.

3. BELGIAN INFANTRY FIRING ON A PARTY OF UHLANS AT JODOIGNE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE FIRING LINE, WITHIN TWENTY MILES OF THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

4. ARMOURED AND ARMED: BELGIAN MOTOR-CARS CONTAINING A MITRAILLEUSE AND SHARPSHOOTERS RESPECTIVELY.

5. ON RECEIPT OF NEWS OF THE PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY: BELGIAN ARMOURED MOTOR-CARS NEAR TIRLEMONT.

We reproduce above photographs taken at and near Haelen, where the first pitched battle of the campaign in Belgium took place on August 13. A strong German reconnoitring force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, advancing towards Haelen and Diest, to the north-west of Liege, was met by a Belgian force of about equal strength and also comprising all arms, and after twelve hours' fighting was driven back with considerable loss. Prominent on the Belgian side in the day's fighting were the celebrated "Guides," the "crack" cavalry corps of King Albert's forces, and the senior regiment of the modern Belgian Army. They were first raised in 1832 by King Leopold I. on

the recognition of Belgium as an independent kingdom. At the moment of writing the news from Belgium continues to be satisfactory. The headquarters of the Belgian Government were recently transferred from Brussels to Antwerp; but this, it was officially explained, was a purely precautionary and strategic measure, and did not imply a success of the enemy's arms. Brussels is an open city, while Antwerp is fortified, and could, if necessary, withstand a long siege. Our photograph of the two barricades on the highway near Haelen, and that of a detachment of Belgian Guides waiting for the enemy under cover in a wood, were taken by the son of the Belgian War Minister.

## GERMANS CAPTURED BY THE BELGIANS: PRISONERS—IN SABOTS—AT BRUGES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU AND C.N.



LOOKING QUITE CONTENTED WITH THEIR LOT: GERMAN PRISONERS  
AT BRUGES.



GERMAN PRISONERS VERY MUCH AT EASE: A SCENE AT THE APOSTOLINE BARRACKS AT BRUGES.

Some of the Germans taken prisoners by the Belgians during the fighting round Liège in the first two weeks of the war did not appear to be greatly disappointed with their lot. In many cases, it is said, the men were so hungry, owing to a breakdown in their army's commissariat arrangements, that they were glad of the prospect of obtaining food. The Belgians are reported to have treated their prisoners of war with every consideration, and this seems to be borne out by the photographs here reproduced. At any rate, the

general bearing of the German prisoners does not point to their being subjected to any great hardships. It is interesting to notice that many of them are wearing Belgian sabots, a fact that may be due either to their own boots having been unsatisfactory, or to the Belgians having confiscated them. It will be recalled that report said that the new boots served out to the German troops just before the war had proved painfully uncomfortable, and that marching in them had chafed the men's feet severely.

## Palace and Schoolroom as Hospitals: The Red Cross in Belgium.



WHERE CHILDREN WERE BEING TAUGHT ENGLISH A WEEK BEFORE: BELGIAN SISTERS TENDING THE WOUNDED IN A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL IN A VILLAGE SCHOOL.



ANOTHER VIEW OF A SCHOOL-ROOM FITTED AS A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL IN BELGIUM: WHERE MEN WOUNDED AT HAELEN ARE BEING NURSED.



THE ENTENTE CORDIALE UNDER THE RED CROSS IN THE BELGIAN CAPITAL: BELGIAN SOLDIERS CHATTING WITH A NEWLY ARRIVED BATCH OF ENGLISH NURSES.

Our illustrations show several aspects of the Red Cross work at the front. There is the little village school room, with the English alphabet still chalked upon the wall, where the wounded soldiers, both friend and foe, were taken after the fighting round Haelen, and which had been hastily converted into a temporary hospital by the Belgian Sisters of Mercy. The lower photographs show a group of newly arrived British



READY FOR THE RECEPTION OF FRIEND OR FOE ALIKE: THE BALL-ROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT BRUSSELS CONVERTED INTO A BASE HOSPITAL.

nurses chatting with the Belgian soldiers, and the ball-room of the Royal Palace at Brussels fitted up as a base hospital. Many well-known Englishwomen and doctors are already in Brussels for Red Cross work, including Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, who has fitted up a hospital there, and fresh units are arriving daily.—[Photographs by Farringdon Photo. Co., Central News, Newspaper Illustrations, and L.N.A.]

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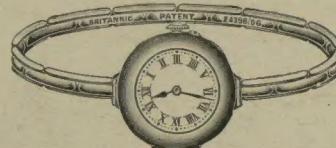


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